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Children
Growing
Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

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HYPOPHOSPHITES
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"OH, NOTHING, ONLY MY RESOLUTIONS."

"WHAT! BROKEN SO SOON?"

"NO; BUT I RESOLVED AFTER CHRISTMAS TO HAVE THAT NEW CIRCULAR, AND PAPA SAYS THE RESOLUTION HASN'T BEEN ADOPTED."

TWO PROFESSIONS.

HE.

"YOU ne'er can object to
my arm round your
waist,
And the reason you'll readily
guess;
I'm an Editor, dear, and I always
insist
On the 'Liberty of the Press.'"

SHE.

"I'm a minister's daughter, be-
lieving in texts,
And I think all the news-
papers bad;
And I'd make you remove your
arm, were it not
You were making the waist
places glad."

G. E. Throop.

WAS Hamlet mad? He
probably would have
been if he could have witnessed
some of the modern impersona-
tions of his character.



"CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES."

Man-afraid-to-talk-back-to-his-mother-in-law (flourishing
knife): WAH, ME BAD INJUN; TAKE PALE FACE SCALP.

Mr. Man-out-West: DON'T TROUBLE YOURSELF, MY FRIEND;
ALLOW ME TO HAND IT TO YOU.

IN BOSTON.

"I AM sorry that I kept
you waiting, mamma,
but I have just been giving
that stupid parrot his lesson
in Hebrew."

MOTHER: Why, Andro-
mache! what *are* you thinking
about? He has not yet half
mastered his Sanscrit.

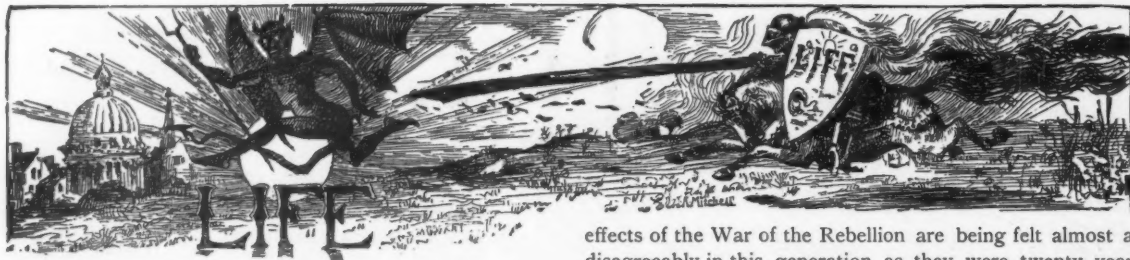
HIS DESERTS.

HEELER: Don't you think
I deserve a government
job?

STATESMAN: Yes, I do.
You ought to be making stoves
at Sing Sing.

"JIMPSON used to be a
successful man before he
married."

"Yes, but he married a Vassar
girl, and now the poor fellow's
'Cake is Dough.'"



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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"MR. BLAINE means bluff," the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, "and it is all his fault that the Behring Sea haltercation was not settled long ago," which is doubtless a royal British opinion, to be taken salted. It may be Mr. Blaine's fault, and it may be Lord Salisbury's. Wherever the blame honestly lies it is a disgusting circumstance that the two gentlemen should not agree on something, and be quit of the whole Behring business. It has been a running sore long enough, and it is time it is healed.

SOROSIS insists that women should not give in to age, nor permit themselves to be laid by when their years increase. Which means that Sorosis is not content any longer to wage war on the tyrant Man, but has found it necessary at last to protect itself against the more aggressive members of its own sex. Are there no *young* women in Sorosis? And by the way, are there any young women nowadays in the Woman's Rights business? The original leaders of the movement are still in it—Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony and the rest. Can it be that they have accomplished so much that there is nothing left for sensible women to fight for? Can it be that the movement will die with them, because women have got everything they want? It looks very much that way. Women have acquired so many new privileges, and have grown so clever, that it may easily happen to them to perceive that the poor old tyrant Man has nothing left that they can use, or that he will not gladly give up to them for the sake of peace.

IS the Copyright bill to be stabbed in the back in the house of its friends? The senators have been kind to it heretofore, but it begins to look as if the former complacency of some of them might have been due to their conviction that the bill would be effectually hindered in the House.

BUT the Copyright Bill is only one of a number of important measures that are in the same bad fix. The

effects of the War of the Rebellion are being felt almost as disagreeably in this generation as they were twenty years ago. Not the least disagreeable of these effects is the survival of some politicians whose only reason for existence is the tendency to keep on whipping the South. It is the cause of the present obstruction to useful legislation, and accounts for the existence of Senator Hoar, Tom Reed, the Grand Army of the Republic, the tremendous drain on the public treasury for pensions, and other evils and nuisances too numerous to mention.

THE plucky protest of Senator Wolcott and his western colleagues gives promise, however, of the birth of a new Republicanism, better and broader than that of the bloody shirt brand. It is so long since any of the Old Guard in the Republican party have either died or surrendered that the younger and more enlightened element has been kept in the background by the force of precedent. Now that the junior Senator from Colorado—who, by the way, is the youngest of the Conscript Fathers—has dared rise up and defy the lightning which is controlled by his older associates, we may expect other revolts and breakings-away which shall bring the Republicans to a knowledge that THE WAR IS OVER.

THERE is a well-known law of finance that bad money always drives good money out of circulation. In the good old feudal times when rulers were frequently hard up, they used to double their available capital by melting up their gold coin, diluting it with an equal quantity of brass, and then putting it in circulation again as possessing its former value. The result was invariably that such people as happened to have any of the undiluted coin put it away in their stockings and other places of safe deposit, leaving the field entirely clear to the debased medium.

WE are just now having a beautiful illustration of the workings of this law in modern times. If you will take out the five hundred dollar roll of bills which you carry in your inside pocket and look them over carefully you will observe that almost without exception they represent silver dollars. These dollars are worth something like ninety cents in gold, and the national bank notes, legal tender notes and gold certificates which represent dollars worth one hundred cents in gold, are rapidly disappearing from view. Where are they? Some—not many—are laid away in the stockings of prudent individuals. Most of them are laid away in the reserve funds of prudent banks. The reserve has to be kept anyway, and the banker sorts out the gold currency for his reserve in view of any possible depreciation that may come to the other and debased currency.



THE LAST LOVER.

T IRED of earthly loving
Weary of earthly sin,
Weighed down with earthly sorrow,
Thy peace I fain would win,
Dear Death!

In thy pale arms enfold me!
Thy damp kiss on my brow
Shall bring me peace at last, love;
I fain would have it now,
Sweet Death!

And thy love shall last forever,
And thy constancy alway,
So tarry not, my lover,
But come, yes, come to-day,
My Death!

Metcalf.



ALSO, HE DONE IT.

EMINENT ADVOCATE: Now, sir, what led to the assault?

PLAINTIFF (*deaf*): Yes, sir.

ADVOCATE (*louder*): What caused the defendant to assault you?

PLAINTIFF (*still deaf*): Har.

ADVOCATE (*roaring*): What made him hit you?

PLAINTIFF: Wal, you see, Squire, it was this way: I called him a dad-danged liar. Sez he, "If you don't take that back I'll knock a bale o' hay out of you."

ADVOCATE: What ensued?

PLAINTIFF: Har.

ADVOCATE (*stentorianly*): What followed?

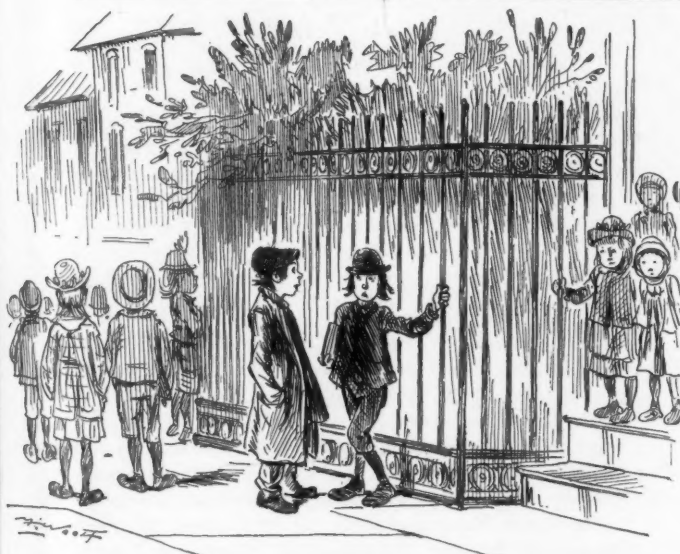
PLAINTIFF (*cheerfully*): Also, he done it.

ON THE SIXTH AVENUE ELEVATED.

"**I**T is very cold on this platform," said Cholly Greenleaf, as he stood waiting for a Harlem train to arrive at the Grand street station.

"It may be," returned the ticket-chopper guardedly, "But the next station is Bleeker."

THE little busy bee improves each shining hour, but it doesn't improve the temper of those with whom it comes in contact.



"GO TO THE ANT, THOU SLUGGARD."

Proverbs, VI., 6.

Very Bad Boy (who has been playing truant): WHAT WAS DE TEXT DIS MORNIN', JIMMY? I HAS TER TELL DER FOLKS WHEN I GET HOME, OR ELSE THEY'LL SUSPEC' SOMFINS WRONG.

Good Little Boy (who is never absent): IT WAS "GO TO YOU AUNT AND GET SLUGGED;" AN I TELL YOU THE SERMON WAS FINE!



THE BEGINNINGS OF AMERICAN LETTERS.

GREENOUGH WHITE has written an essay of sixty-six pages which he modestly calls a "Sketch of the Philosophy of American Literature" (Ginn & Co.) in which he aims to prove "the independent and organic development of American literature"—in opposition to the view that this country has merely reflected "literary fashions beyond the Atlantic." He explains the seeming imitation by the fact that the failure of the Protectorate put an end abruptly to the Puritan ideal in England, and set up instead of it the new habits and thoughts of the Restoration; while in America the Puritan ideal, free from the trammels of government interference, developed naturally and slowly. The conclusion that Mr. White draws is that the advance of thought in America has been, therefore, historically "about one gen-

eration behind each corresponding advance in England, and thus appears imitative to the superficial observer." This might be true as a statement of fact, but not as a logical inference; for Mr. White must first prove that the "Puritan ideal," if left to itself in England, in the course of a generation would have naturally developed habits of thought like those of the Restoration.

We do not believe that any number of generations could have developed Restoration ideas from Puritanism; they were conflicting forces, of origins as different as good and evil, and any "Restoration habits of thought" which appeared in American literature a generation late, came from England and *were* imitative, if you please.

* * *

WHATEVER one may think of Mr. White's philosophy, his general classification of the periods of American literature is to be commended for its simplicity. He divides it into (1) The Puritan era of Introspection (up to 1700)—the literature of which is fanciful and ingenious, but not imaginative. (2) The period of Analysis and Criticism, (from 1700 to 1820) when men began to look out rather than in, and to get at the grounds of things; when the mind began to "sport in its sense of freedom" and power and try to impress itself on nature and society; to "create for itself an enjoyable environment." (3) The Ethical or Transcendental era (1820 to 1860) dominated by the individualism of Channing, Emerson and Garrison, in which the imagination was enfranchised, and a fusion of God, nature, and man was preached, resulting in the moral enthusiasm that "carried the nation through four years of fearful war." (4) The Present Age which, wisely, the author does not attempt to characterise—except that it is the era of genre fiction and genre painting.

Why he should make the later works of Bayard Taylor indicative of the "dominant tendencies in recent literature" we do not see. True his "poems are filled with the joy of existence"—but who ever found any of it in recent American verse, which is either pessimistic, sentimental or "precious?"

* * *

ALL in all, one must think that Mr. White takes the whole subject too solemnly (as Mr. Thompson took "The Philosophy of Fiction"). The better attitude is that of Mr. Hutton toward the "American Stage," on which we recently commented. It is probable that those books of which Americans have been most proud in any era *were* imitations of English or European models, and that the real beginnings of American literature are to be found in half-forgotten volumes, which were, no doubt, written in horribly bad taste, but which grew from the environment, like Ned Buntline or Artemas Ward, or Walt Whitman, or Joaquin Miller.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

THE RICH MAN'S FOOL. By Robert C. Givins. Chicago: Laird and Lee.

Marcia. By W. E. Morris. New York: Harper and Brothers.



A CHANGE.

Newly Elected Congressman: I THINK CONGRESSMEN SHOULD WEAR A BADGE OR SOMETHING OF THAT KIND, SO THAT PEOPLE MAY DISTINGUISH US FROM THE ORDINARY CITIZEN.

Old Member: AFTER YOU'VE BEEN HERE A COUPLE OF MONTHS YOU'LL BE WISHING YOU COULD WEAR A DISGUISE THAT WOULD PREVENT PEOPLE FROM KNOWING YOU *are* A CONGRESSMAN.



"HOME TIES."

A MERE CARICATURE.

SYMPATHIZING FRIEND:
Well, old man, what sized dose of whiskey did the doctor prescribe?

DISGUSTED INVALID: Humph! Only half a wine-glassful a day.

S. F.: Too bad, too bad; rather a homœopathic dose, isn't it?

D. I.: Humph! More like the Faith Cure.

FELL TO WORK.—Adam.



SING a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty key-holes dance before his eye;
When the door is opened
His wife begins to chin,
"Isn't this a pretty hour to let a fellow in."

E. L. S.



Aunt Abigail (before she has heard of the betrothal): MY DEAR, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BE MORE AT EASE WITH YOUR RIDING HABIT ON?

ART IN OKLAHOMA.

AFTER exhausting every means known to the craft without dispelling the funereal expression from the baby's countenance, the photographer turned in despair to the mother.

"Madam, can't you do something to make him look a little more cheerful?"

FOND MOTHER: I reckon so. Azberry, (*to the baby*) yer paw whipped a claim-jumper last night, an' then run him four miles.

The baby smiled like an angel.

TOO MANY COOKS spoil the broth and everything else.



IN THE F
WITH A FEW MORE BAR-KEEPERS FOR JUDGES AND THE REAL AB



IN THE FUTURE
THE ABOLISHMENT OF THE DEATH PENALTY THE FUN WILL BEGIN.



GUSTY'S STORY.

"SAY, Gusty, where was you to las' night?" asked one newsboy of another as they sat on the City Hall steps waiting for the last edition of the evening papers to come out. "De fellers was playin' craps over by de post-office, and becuz you wasn't dere, dat big duff Kinzie walked off wid all de bood' dere was in de crowd. If you'd been dere he couldn't a' done it, nohow."

"Where was I? To de teyater in me private box, o' course. How much did Kinzie git?"

"'Most a dollar. Wat teayter was you to?"

"I had a box in Harrigan's, an' I tell you dat's a daisy play."

"Aw, stop stuffin' now. Did you ring in on somebody's check?"

"Naw; I'm givin' it to you straight, an' I had a box all to meself."

"Like ducks you did."

"Well, I did, now. Shortie de cripple, was stuck wid his papers, and I was tryin' to help him out when tree fellers come along, all of 'em wid jags on. I tole 'em how Shortie would git licked if he didn't sell his papers, and dey bought all he had and give him a quarter besides. Den one of 'em said: 'Say, Jack, why don't you give de kids dem teayter tickets? If you's goin' to de scrap day ain't no use to you!' Den de feller dey called Jack jus' put his han' in his pock an' said: 'Boys, I lost 'em all but one,' and den he gi' me a ticket. I asked him where it was to, and he said Harrigan's, so I went up to de ole Harrigan's, an' de feller on de door said dat Harrigan's had moved over into Tirty-fift street, so I went over dere. When I give up de ticket to de feller on de door he called de copper and asked me where I got de ticket. I tol' him, and den de copper asked me a lot o' questions, and den he said de kid was all straight an' dey tore de ticket in two an' let me go in. De feller gi' me back half de ticket an' tole me to give it to a feller in a swaller-tail coat. I give it to him, an' he looked at me pretty hard, an' den he give it to anudder feller in a swaller-tail an' said box A. Den dat duck took me down in front an' put me in a box all by me lonely. Say, Chimmie, you never sit in a box, did you?"

"Naw," replied "Chimmie."

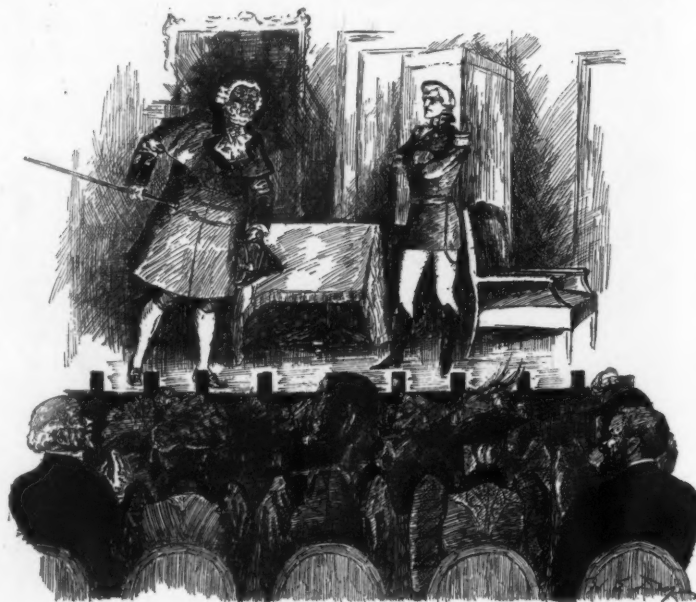
"You hear me, it beats de front row in de gallery silly. You kin see behin' de scenes, and you kin hear

whatever de actors says to each oder what ain't in de play. An' you have a soft seat so you don't have to stan' up between de acts to rest yourself."

"What's de play about," asked Chimmie.

"Say, dat's de boss play. It knocks de spots out o' all de plays dat Harrigan ever had. Dey's coons in it, an' sailors, an' doods, an' dey's just like de coons an' sailors an' doods you see aroun' everywhere, only dey does more tings dan real folks does. An' den dere's a lot of sluggin' an' jig-dancin' an' singin'. Not real sluggin' you know, but make believe. An' dey was a girl by the name o' Lewis wot played de part of a tough fighter's sister. She was kinder tough herself, but she was bully jus' de same, an' if ever she wants a paper off o' me I won't charge her nuthin' fur it. An' laugh! I pirty near laughed meself sick. An' dere was a lot o' men an' women down in de seats wid diamon's, an' rubies, an' silks, an' satins and swaller-tails, and dey laughed jus' as hard as I did, so I guess dey liked it too. But you ought to seen dose folks look at me. I guess dey never seed a newsie in a box before. Mebbe dey thought I was Jay Goul' in disguise. But dere's de extry out. Come on, Chimmie, or we'll git lef'."

Metcalfe.



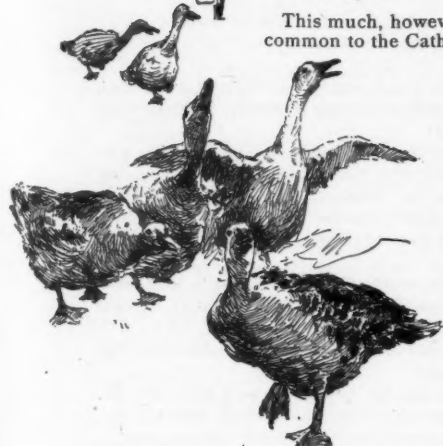
A PARENTHESIS.

(Necessary to any production of "The Rivals" at the present time.)

Sir Anthony Absolute: ZOUNDS! SIRRAH! THE LADY SHALL BE AS UGLY AS I CHOOSE. SHE SHALL HAVE A HUMP ON EACH SHOULDER! (ONE MOMENT, SIR, WHILE I ASSURE THE AUDIENCE THAT I MEAN NOTHING PERSONAL—'TIS SO IN THE TEXT). TO RESUME, SIR, SHE SHALL BE AS—ETC., ETC.

THE GIRLS AND MATRIMONY.

In the January number of the *Forum*, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, says:



This much, however, may be said in favor of the system common to the Catholic and Latin races: a wise parent can choose better for a girl than she herself can. Love has a glamor which transforms to noble likeness the most sordid and least lovely material. Don Juan, Bel Ami, Paul Astier—neither one of them, nor any one like them, would a prudent mother accept for her daughter; but the daughter herself would go down before them like ripe corn before the sickle. These made marriages are based on the not entirely futile belief in the power of habit and in the close tie of the children, by which accord is secured and the home is created. Of course, all the conditions must hang together. Freedom to girls means power of choice, and experience shows that a woman's preconjugal illusions do not always tend to make a successful marriage. The lost lover is sure to be the standard of comparison disadvantageous to the husband, and girls who have loved on their own account are naturally not willing

to be arranged for by the mother.

The author evidently inclines to the belief that girls are not fit to choose for themselves in matters matrimonial, and as the author is a woman the opinion may be accepted as at least unbiased. Almost every parent of a grown-up daughter knows what an unreasoning lunatic that daughter can become when the "right man" heaves in sight; and it is pure luck whether he is a decent citizen or the most offensive idiot in the state.



AFTER THE CAMPAIGN.

Bud 1: YOU LOOK BETTER SINCE YOU HAVE BECOME ENGAGED; HOW DO YOU FEEL?
Bud 2 (with a sigh): RESTED.

"HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST."





POLICE COURT DRAMAS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUDGE REILLY O'DIVVER—A saloon-keeping, Irish, Catholic, Tammany, Democratic appointee of a saloon-backing, Irish, Catholic, Tammany, Democratic Mayor.

JERRY MCGUIRK—An Irish, Catholic, Tammany, Democratic clerk of the court, appointed by Judge O'Divver. Mr. McGuirk hopes to realize enough from the position to set up a saloon of his own.

JUSTICE—Who has nothing to do with the case.

BAILIFFS, COPPERS, BUMS, *et al.*

HIS HONOR: Call the furrust case. Fwhat's the charge, officer?
POLICEMAN X.: Assault, your honor. The prisoner knocked his wife down with a table-leg, and when I arrested him was kicking her in the head.

HIS HONOR: Oh, my, oh, my. An' you call yerselluf a man. Fwhat's your name?

THE PRISONER: Felix Lazinski.

HIS HONOR: Fwhere do you live?

THE PRISONER: 18 Essex street.

HIS HONOR: Fwhat have you to say to the charge?

THE PRISONER: It vas my voman, und I guess I do vot I like mit my voman, don't it? Dis vas a free country.

HIS HONOR: You Jew blackguard, you. You miserable furriners comin' in here and you think becuz you can vote that you've got the right to lick your wives. I'll give you six months—

THE CLERK (*in a whisper*): Hold on, yer honor. Lazinski's the man that pulls the Polish vote for Tammany.

HIS HONOR: Well, Mr. Lazinski, I suppose you'd been drinking. Discharged. Call the next case. What's the charge, officer?

POLICEMAN Y.: Peddling without a license.

HIS HONOR: Fwhat's your name?

THE PRISONER: Eddie Mason.

HIS HONOR: How old are you?

THE PRISONER (*weeping*): I'll be nine—years—old—next—May.

HIS HONOR: Fwhat were you doin' fwhen the officer arrested you?

THE PRISONER (*still weeping*): I—was—selling—matches.

HIS HONOR: Fwhat were you doin' that fur? Don't you know it's agin the law to peddle widout a license?

THE PRISONER: I didn't know, sir, and mother (*sob*) is—very—ill—and—that's—the—only—way—we—can—get—any—money.

HIS HONOR: Committed to the Catholic Protectory until he is twinty-wan. Next case. Fwhat's the charge?

POLICEMAN Z.: Selling liquor on Sunday.

HIS HONOR: So they've cot you at last, have they, McClusky? Perhaps next year you'll know better than to work agin Tammany. Three months on the Island and two hundred dollars fine. Officer, see that this case is reported to the Excise Board, and that McClusky's license is revoked. Next case.

POLICEMAN W.: John Guzzlem. Drunk and disorderly; assaulting people in front of O'Neill's saloon Sunday evening.

HIS HONOR (*sotto voce to the clerk*): Fwhat's that? Alderman O'Neill's?

THE CLERK (*sotto voce to His Honor*): Yes, your honor, and the alderman was in this mornin' and said he would pay the prisoner's fine.

HIS HONOR: Fined two dollars. Next case.

POLICEMAN V.: Terence O'Brien, *alias* Teddy, the Biter. Arrested on the complaint of Miss Morgan for attempting to drag her pet dog from her arms and striking her twice in the face when she resisted.

THE PRISONER: See here, y'r honor, it's just dis way. I'm a reg'lar appointed dog-catcher, see? Dis dog was runnin' around bitin' folks, and I chucked him in me cart and druv off wid him. Dis chippie wan't nowheres in sight.

HIS HONOR: Is the complainant here? Kiss the book.

MISS MORGAN: Is that absolutely necessary, sir? It is very dirty and greasy—

HIS HONOR: See here, young woman, we don't want any back talk from you, if you do belong to the Four Hundred. Kiss that book. What's the facts in the case?

MISS MORGAN: Just as the officer has stated them, sir. The prisoner drove up in his wagon, and, jumping down, attempted to drag my little terrier from my arms. When I resisted, he struck me two savage blows in the face, making the bruises which you see. I have several witnesses here who saw the occurrence and who will confirm what I have said.

THE CLERK (*sotto voce to His Honor*): O'Brien's father runs three saloons, and is a big man over in the Sixth District. He was here a little while ago, and has gone to get a lawyer.

HIS HONOR: The complainant can stand down. Prisoner, what have you to say to the charge?

THE PRISONER: Yer honor, dat woman's de wust liar I ever see. I never set eyes on her in me life. I hope to be struck dead if I did. I t'ought de ki-yi had de hyderfoby, so I yanked him off to de poun'.

HIS HONOR: Young woman, Mr. O'Brien was only performin' his duty, and it's lucky he hasn't made any charge agin you fur resistin' an officer. Complaint dismissed. Next case.

THE CLERK: No more to-day, your honor.

HIS HONOR: Court is adjourned. Mr. McGuirk, if Alderman O'Neill calls, he'll find me over in McCarty's saloon.

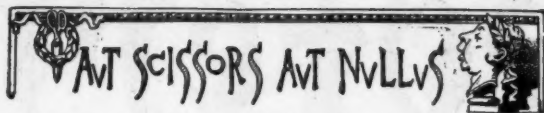


G. H. Provost.

HOPELESS HOPE.

He: MAY I HOPE?

She: YES; IF YOU WILL PROMISE NEVER TO REFER TO THE MATTER AGAIN.



MAMMA (coaxingly): Come, Bobby, take your medicine now, and then jump into bed."

BOBBY: I do not want to take my medicine, ma.

FATHER (who knows how to govern children): Robert, if you don't take your medicine at once you will be put to bed without taking it at all."

Bobby takes it promptly.—Exchange.

DURING a crowd the other day on Fourteenth street, near Fifth avenue, a very solid man was pushing his way through the mass of humanity, when he encountered a pale, thin young man with the look of a consumptive. The big man did not swerve a hair, and the thin young man's elbow, which was held out at an angle, took him in the left side. The big man gave a gasp, followed by a curse, and nearly lost his balance, while the other passed on as cool as ice. He had turned aside to gaze into a window when the big man came up and said:

"Friend, I want to feel of your right elbow, the one you gave me a dig with back there."

"Oh, certainly," was the reply, as the elbow was extended.

"Why—why—it's hard as iron!"

"Yes, it is iron. That is, I have an iron cap made for it. Just a fit, as you see, and padded with flannel. It's an invention of my own. Haven't long to live, and don't want to surrender any of my rights and privileges. You are No. 22 to-day—all big men. American hog vs. the iron elbow, you see. Elbow always comes out ahead. Good day."—New York Sun.

EMILY (who has called to take Lizzie to the great murder trial): What deep black, dearest!

LIZZIE: Yes. I thought it would be only decent, as the poor wretch is sure to be found guilty.

EMILY: Ah! where I was dining last night it was even betting which way the verdict would go, so I only put on half mourning.—London Punch.

CUSTOMER (reading a newspaper): Here I see I am referred to in the paper again.

LANDLORD: Indeed? What do they say about you?

CUSTOMER (reading aloud): At the close of last week Berlin numbered 1,573,421 inhabitants! I am one of the lot!—Schorer's Familienblatt.

"ARE Mr. and Mrs. Green at home?" was asked of the little girl who answered the bell.

"Yes."

"Are they engaged?"

The small girl looked horrified as she answered: "Why, they are married."—Exchange.

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MRS. MOTHERLEIGH: Dora, my love, was it necessary to spend fifteen minutes in bidding Harry good night?

DORA (*furtively rearranging a rumpled collar*): Yes, mother, it was a case of mussed.—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

CARLOS had just received a telegram from Havana. "What an admirable invention the telegraph is!" he exclaimed, "when you consider that this message has come a distance of 1,500 leagues, and the gum on the envelope isn't dry yet."—*La Union*.

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QUICKFLASH, SR. (to his son): Don't you think you could make yourself useful by cleaning off this snow?

QUICKFLASH, JR.: Aw—rather queer job, don't you think, for the son of a gentleman?

QUICKFLASH, SR. (exploding): Son of a jackass, you mean.—Grip.

THE popular "Hotel San Marco" at St. Augustine, Florida, is now open, and already the house is rapidly filling up with guests.

The hotel is ably managed by Ainslie & McGilvray, and we can heartily recommend it to our many readers in search of a winter home in the "Sunny South."

MINNIE (to Gus): Yes, I have an allowance now; and I'm always so hard up the last thirty days of the month that I don't know what to do.—Harper's Bazaar.

WATTS: Wonder why they always call a locomotive "she"?

POTTS: Maybe it is on account of the horrible noise it makes when it tries to whistle.—Exchange.

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MRS. HONEYTON: Are those some of the cigars I gave you?

HONEYTON: Yes.

MRS. HONEYTON: How are they?

HONEYTON: They are of the kind that it is better to give than to receive.—Harper's Bazaar.

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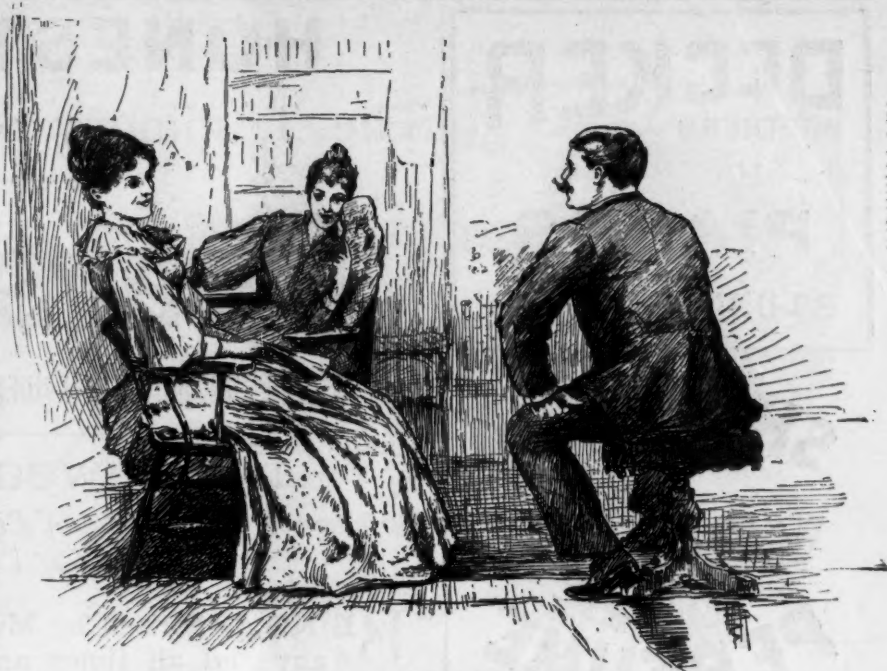
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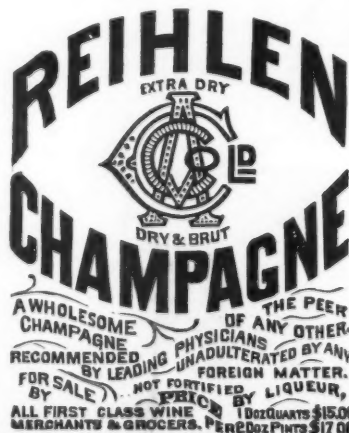
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